Emelie Hall

The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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That Boy.

Is the house turned topsy turvy?
Does it ring from street to roof?
Will the racket still continue,
Spite of all your mild reproof?
Are you often in a flutter?
Are you sometimes thrilled with joy?
Then I have my grave suspicions
That you have at home—that Boy.

Are the walls and tables hammered?
Are your nerves and ink upset?
Have two eyes, so bright and roguish,
Made you every care forget?
Have your garden-beds a prowler
Who delights but to destroy?
These are well-known indications
That you have at home—that Boy.

Have you seen him playing circus
With his head upon the mat,
And his heels in mid-air twinkling,—
For his audience, the cat?
Do you ever stop to listen,
When his merry pranks annoy,—
Listen to the voice that whispers,
You were once just like—that Boy?

Have you heard of broken windows,
And with nobody to blame?
Have you seen a trowsered urchin,
Quite unconscious of the same?
Do you love a teasing mixture
Of perplexity and joy?
You may have a dozen daughters,
But I know you've got—that Boy.

A Mother's Love.

What love is like mother-love?
How soft her caress.
She guides us to look above,
She prays heaven to bless.

Rocked in a mother's arms,
Feeling her care:
Shield her from earthly harms
Should be our prayer.

For the Myrtle.

On Visiting Strange Places Without Permission.

CHAPTER II.

There was a church near where we lived that I had been told was "Swedenborgian," and the curious things I had heard about the saint's vision, and the New Jerusalem so interested me, that I obtained leave to attend this church one Sunday, in the hope of hearing something marvellous. After the service was over I was accosted at the door by a woman neatly dressed in mourning, who had been seated in the same pew with myself. She said: "I noticed, Miss, that you were deeply attentive to the sermon. Was it not heavenly? Have you heard this preacher before?"

I informed her that this was the first time I had been inside the church. Whereupon she commenced to describe to me her religious experiences, and those of several persons of her acquaintance, and concluded by asking me to call on her, telling me her name, and where her house was situated, when I found that it was only a few streets distant from one I passed through twice a week on my way to my music and drawing lessons. I was somewhat surprised that she should invite me without any previous acquaintance with my parents, but thanked her, and told her that I would come if I could, and then bade her good day, and returned home, where the arrival of a dear friend from abroad drove all thoughts of

Miss Boroo, as I shall call her, out of my mind, so that I did not mention her to my parents. Indeed it was not until the next Wednesday, when I was on my way to my lessons, that I recollected the invitation, and finding that I was half an hour before my time, I determined upon seeking the abode of Miss Boroo. It was a little house of the "shabby genteel" order. There were numbers of bell handles on one side of the door, and Miss Boroo's name was on a large brass door-plate. The coarse lace window curtains were pinned together as if to conceal some deficiency within.

My knock was answered by a small girl with face deeply begrimed, and a dirty white cap over her tangled hair. She had a Wellington boot on one arm, which she polished with a blacking brush, as she looked at me from head to foot, and informed me that "Missus" was "at ome" and I should "find her in the front parlor a darning stockings." She then retired down the kitchen stairs, leaving the street-door wide open. Miss Boroo answered my tap with a "come in, old fellow," and appeared surprised to behold me in lieu of the old fellow aforesaid! but warmly welcomed me notwithstanding, and thanked me for remembering her in her "*dreary loneliness*," in connection with which she recited some verses decidedly original. I began to fear that Miss Boroo's brain was rather unsettled. She then produced a bottle of variagated sands placed in separate layers so as to form vandykes. After I had looked at it awhile and enquired how it was done, a pause ensued, broken by her enquiring if I liked examining autographs of the Nobility. Before I had framed an answer, she took from a drawer a packet of letters from which she selected a few, inviting me to inspect the signatures, which ran somewhat thus, though the real names I forget.

"With much gratitude, dear Miss Boroo, I remain yours truly, Lady Julia Tremain."

"With grateful thanks for your inestimable service, I remain faithfully yours, The Duke of Midland."

"With a thousand thanks, yours gratefully, The Countess of Leadberry."

These signatures rather astonished me for I knew that the letters my mother received from titled persons, were never signed with a Countess or Lady so and so, but simply with the Christian and surnames, and that the Duke of Midland would merely subscribe himself "Midland."

"I dare say" observed Miss Boroo, "that you are anxious to know the contents of these letters, and it is not to every one that I would reveal them," and Miss Boroo proceeded to read them aloud. I made the, to me, awful discovery that Miss Boroo was a chiropodist or corn extractor; and that these letters were testimanials purporting to be written by the personages whose feet she had relieved of such excrescences!

At home sometimes, I had taken up a newspaper and read about wonderful medical cures, the extracting of corns, and fortune telling by a lock of hair sent with some money, and my mother had said, "Oh! that is not nice reading for you. It is all about quack doctors. charlatans, impostors of every kind, and it will do you no good to learn about them. It is shameful that such people should be allowed to advertise in respectable papers." And here was I now in the house of a "Quackess," and perhaps a fortune teller! I began to feel as though she had some dreadful motive, I knew not what, for keeping me there, and felt anxious to be gone.

I told her that I feared being late to my lessons, and could stay no longer.

"Oh, you must not think of going so soon, I haven't told you yet about a vegetable pill I invented for the gout. Have you any friends suffering from gout?"

I replied that I had not, and with a resolute air though my limbs trembled, I told her that I could not stay another moment, and thanking her for the trouble she had taken to entertain me, aud wishing her a good morning, I opened the parlor-door, and the street-door being still open, I walked out of the house, and along the streets with a swiftness that attracted the attention of many a passer by. When I told my father and mother of my adventure they were highly displeased.

"How could you have known what sort of a person you were going to visit?"

"Oh mamma! she spoke very politely, and I fancied that she might be some maiden lady with very little money, and expected that her house would not be grand or fashionable, and papa always says that it is snobbish to regard people according to their dress, or their house, or anything of that sort."

"That is all very well," said my father, "but it does not follow that you are capable of judging between a poor and worthy person and a poor and disreputable one. She might have

pleasing manners and yet in reality be not at all a fit person for you to be acquainted with, or even converse with. There are people in the world who make it their business to gain the confidence of young people only to make a bad use of it, and lead them on to a course of wrong doing, and deceit. This Miss Boroo of yours, I take to be a person of unsound mind at the best, and another thing that you ought to have considered was this. Had you a right to make an acquaintance before knowing whether such acquaintance would be suitable or acceptable to us? Another time I am sure you will consult us and trust to our judgment in such matters."

"I remember," said my mother "two lovely girls, who overtaken by a heavy shower took shelter in the doorway of a boot maker. An elegant carriage stopped near them, and a lady and gentleman invited them to come inside, saying that they would take them home. The offer was thoughtlessly accepted, and a maid coming with umbrellas to meet the young ladies, and enquiring at the boot maker's was informed how they had left their shelter.

But the poor dear girls were not driven to their own home, but to that of the two wicked persons who had taken them solely for the purpose of bringing them up to a life of wrong doing. But their persuasions had no effect on the sisters, who were happily discovered after a few days by detective officers, and restored to their friends. From this you can see that appearances are deceptive and that young people should be extremely cautious with strangers and in strange places.

Clelia Lega Weeks.

More Blessed to Give than to Receive.

Fifty cents to do just what I please with!" exclaimed little Allie Flint, her cheeks glowing, her bright eyes beaming joyfully. "Oh! what shall I get with it? Oh, how splendid? I'll get me a picture book. Fifty cents. Just think! Mother, can't I go to the store this afternoon and get me something with my fifty cents?"

"Yes, if you will be a good girl."

"I will, I will. What shall I get?"

"I would get something useful," said her mother.

"Well, I will try."

So, after dinner, Allie put on her cloak and hat, and started off.

As she was walking along, happening to look over on the other side of the street, she saw a poor ragged girl. She did not stop, but kept looking at the girl as if she was thinking about her, until she turned a corner which hid her from her signt.

"I guess I know what I will get."

She soon arrived at the store, and inquired how much print she could get for fifty cents.

"Five yards," said the merchant.

"Well I will take five yards of that," said she, pointing to a pretty piece of calico.

As soon as she had received the calico, and paid for it, she ran back to the little girl on the sidewalk.

"This is for you," said she, putting the calico into her hands, and ran away before the little girl had time to thank her.

The next Sunday, what was her joy to see her young friend come into the Sabbath School in her nice, new dress. Oh, young readers, is it not more blessed to give than to receive? to make young hearts happy? Oh, what blessedness there is in giving to the poor.—*Young Pilgrim.*

Luck and Labor.

Two boys left their country homes not long ago to seek their fortunes in a large city.

"I shall see what luck will do for me," said one.

"I shall see what labor can do for me," cried the other.

Which is the better to depend upon—luck or labor? Let us see.

Luck is always waiting for something to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines; labor whistles.

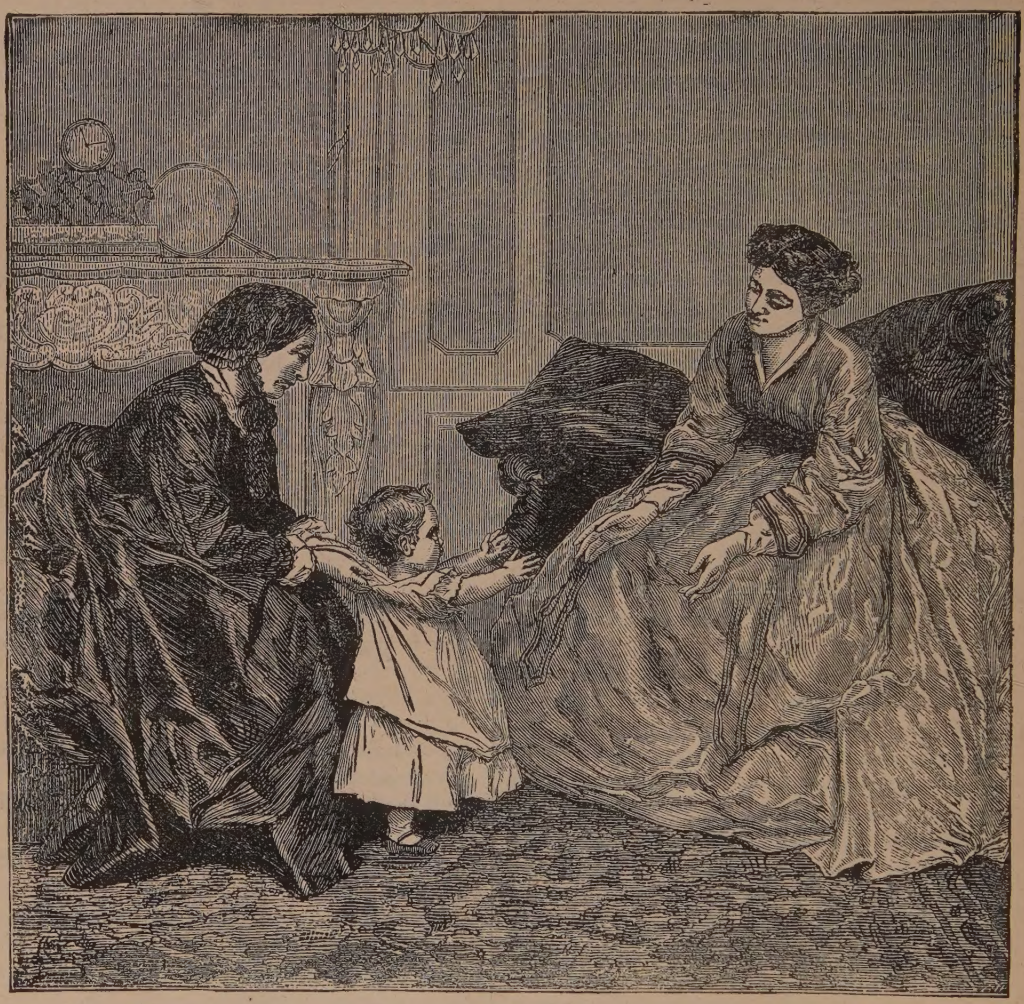
Luck relies on chances; labor on character.

Luck slides down to indolence.

Labor slides upwards to independence.

Which is likely to do most for you, boys?

BE neither lavish or niggardly; of the two avoid the latter; a mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment—therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.



For the Myrtle.

The First Journey.

"TRY your feet, my darling,
Though they're weak and frail,
Mother, dear, is watching
That they shall not fail."

This the proudest journey
You will ever make;
These the surest footsteps
You will ever take!

Now, before and after,
Loving hands and eyes;
Soon, the way all lonely.
Everywhere surprise.

Now, success awaiting,
Crowns thee with applause,
Soon, there may seem only
Shame, defeat, and loss.

Teach him, *then* O Father
To reach out for Thee;
E'en as now he catches
At his mother's knee.

When the soul immortal,
Thirsting after God,
Seeking heavenly places,
Leaves the earthly clod,

May he hear glad voices
Of the loved ones gone;
May he hear in rapture
The sweet mother-tone;

"Try your *wings*, O spirit,
Though they're weak and frail,
Our dear Father watches
That they shall not fail!"

E. J. C.

For the Myrtle.

Borrowed Plumes.

MRS. MACY lived on a farm a few miles from a large town, and Bridget was her hired girl.

Bridget was fresh from her father's cabin, scarcely more than a child, and quite unused to such a life as she found at the large farm house with all the nice things it contained. So while she was spry at work, she was all the time studying the new things with wondering and delighte eyes, and her curiosity sometimes brought her into trouble.

One day one of Mrs. Macy's lady friends came out from town to spend the night, and in the evening she and Mrs. Macy were to go out to a party in the neighborhood. The laday wore a bonnet and polonaise of the latest fashion, that were a great marvel to Bridget as she took them from her mistress' hand to lay them away. In the evening the lady, in her party dress and zephyr hood, left the polonaise and bonnet in her chamber, where Bridget saw them when she went to carry water for the night.

This was too much for Bridget's curiosity. She stopped and looked at them carefully, then took them up and examined them, in and out. "I wonder how I should look in such fine things," she said.

She looked towards the glass, shyly and with hesitation. No, she did not dare try them there; some one might come in and see her. Then the thought struck her to take the things up to her own room and try them on there. The ladies would not be at home for a good hour or two, she thought. Finally she gathered up the things, took the candle and slipped slily and swiftly up stairs.

Bridget was so taken up with her interesting business that she did not hear steps below. But a coming rainstorm sent the ladies home earlier in the evening, and it grew so damp that Mrs. Macy's friend went up to slip on the polonaise over her thin dress.

No polonaise was there, as we know. She spoke to Mrs. Macy, and they looked in closets and other rooms. Then Mrs. Macy said, "I will speak to Bridget; she must have laid the things away," and Mrs. Macy went up the attic stairs in the dark while her friend stood at the foot.

In a moment Mrs. Macy reappeared at the top of the stairs and softly motioned her friend to come up.

Just outside the door, partly open, they stood. There was Bridget standing before her little bureau glass, with the bonnet on her head. The strings were tied in a big bow; she had struck a stately attitude with one foot forward; and was primping this way and that, holding the candle high before her face to show off her finery to the best effect. The polonaise, wrong side out, she had tossed over a chair, in order that she might give her undivided attention to the bonnet.

Mrs. Macy was about to speak but her friend put her hand over her lips and drew her away. When they got down stairs she said,

"I wouldn't have had you speak to her for the world. It would shame her to death to be caught so."

"But she *must* be taught not to touch people's things" said Mrs. Macy distressfully.

"Yes, but that can be taught in some other way less cruel," said her friend. She'll bring the

things back in a moment, and never be the wiser for our seeing her poor little fun."

"Well, you are more kindhearted than I am," said Mrs. Macy.

"The fact is, I'm rather obliged to Bridget myself," said the friend. So I can afford to be good-natured. What a tableau she made! Do you know I've racked my brains nearly wild, thinking up new tableaux for our entertainment next week. I wish I could transport Bridget to the stage, bonnet, candle and all—and I will; 'Tableau—Borrowed Plumes.' It struck me in a moment."

"Well, that's overruling evil for good," said Mrs. Macy laughing; "nevertheless Bridget must be reminded."

The next morning she gently told Bridget to be careful of visitors' things when they were in the house, and never meddle with what did not belong to her as that was very rude and wrong, and people did not do such things. Bridget blushed scarlet and her heart thumped. She wondered if there were eyes in the air to see what she did that was wrong, and resolved never to lay hands on such things again.

Nothing more was said and she never knew how much Mrs. Macy knew or whether she knew anything about the bonnet and polonaise. Still less did she know that she appeared the next week in her borrowed plumes at a great entertainment in L. and "brought down the house."

H. A. B.

Be Kind to the Fatherless!"

Among the little waifs of North Street we often get a glimpse of the good angel, "Charity Goodheart," and in the rude speeches of some of the little untaught "Arabs," learn lessons that are not found in the classics. We saw a group of little girls playing together on one of the coldest days of the past severe winter. They were all rather poorly dressed, but one of the little creatures seemed very destitute, her short dress scarcely covering her nakedness. One of the party took hold of this poor child's dress, and making some childish remark, tried to get up a laugh on account of her scanty wardrobe, when another little girl stepped up, and with the air of a champion of the fatherless, exclaimed, "Shet up, she hain't got no father!" It was enough; to be a fatherless child is sufficient to call forth pity, even in North Street.

OUR neighbor's children are always the worst.

Hager and Her Son.

THE feast was spread in Abraham's house—
A banquet rich and rare,
In honor of a darling babe
The Lord had ushered there.

The sun shone down in gentle warmth,
As to love's scene beguiled;
While Abraham gazed in tenderness
Upon the sleeping child.

But one there was whose heart was sad
Among that festal throng,
Whose voice uplifted not to heaven
A sweet thanksgiving song.

'Twas Hagar, bondmaid of the house,
Who nurtured in her breast
A hope, the blessings of the hearth
Upon her son might rest.

But when to Sarah's arms was born
Isaac—the gentle boy,
The one fond dream of Hagar's heart,
Had lost its type of joy.

She marked the feast with listless eyes,
With weak and trembling hand,
The while her son with scornful word,
Brought forth a stern command.

Spake Sarah unto Abraham;
"Behold what they have done;
Cast out this woman and her boy,
He heirs not with my son."

They went, they trod the trackless waste,
Beersheba's wilderness,
'Neath burning skies, and desert sands,
Without one soul to bless.

Weary and worn, and parched with heat,
The child lay down to die;
In tears the mother raised her voice,
Imploring to the sky.

When lo! an angel from on high,
Whispered most lovingly,
The Lord hath heard in thy distress,
His arm shall comfort thee.

"Arise, arise, lift up the lad,
Fear not, for I am here!"
She rose and gave the boy a drink
From out the fountain near.

Thus from that little famished soul,
A mighty nation grew,
Called Hagarenes, that spread the East,
And bloody conquests knew.

Famed for their plunder and the chase,
For all that warriors love;
Yet so unlike the angel's work—
The message from above;

That raised the cup to Ishmael's lip,
That dried the mother's eye,
That healed poor Hagar's bleeding heart,
And whispered, "God is nigh."

O Lord how marvelous are thy ways!
How wonderful! We own
Thine arm is strength, thy love is light,
Without the humblest home.

Sunday School Conventions

Conventions flourish. We gave last week the full programme of the Institute to be held in New York the 1st and 2d of October. We have now the programme for the State Sunday School Convention of Maine on the same days. When it reaches our readers the Convention will be over, but we give it nevertheless that they may get something of the meeting from the plan. They may hear more of it hereafter.

MORNING SESSION, WEDNESDAY, 10 O'CLOCK.

1. Opening Services.
2. Relation between the Sunday School and the Parish. Rev. L. H. Tabor.
3. General discussion of the theme.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

1. Criticism of our Sunday School Methods.
2. General discussion.

EVENING SESSION.

1. Economy of the Sunday School. W. R. French.
2. General discussion.

THURSDAY MORNING SESSION.

Thursday forenoon, is to be devoted to Special Institute Exercises.

9 o'clock, Experience Meeting.

10 o'clock, Specimen Sunday School Session, under the direction of Br. Z. Pope Vose of Rockland.

11 o'clock, Class Instruction with an Illustrative Recitation, by Mrs. H. A. Bingham of Boston.

Question and Criticisms.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

1. Earnestness in Sunday School Work. Rev. A. H. Sweetser.
2. General discussion.

Very full arrangements are made to make this meeting interesting and profitable. One of the happy features which we commend to the attention of Committees for arranging similar meetings elsewhere, is the careful arrangement to entertain all attending Superintendents at neighboring houses, in order that they may have a chance for special consultation with each other. The Auburn parish entertain visiting friends, and they have free return over the railroads. The New Hampshire Sunday School Convention meets two weeks later at Claremont, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 15th and 16th. The notice thus far given, says:

The Convention will be composed,—

Of all ordained Universalist ministers in the State.

Of the officers of the Convention.

Of two delegates from each Universalist Society in the State.

Of two from each Sunday School.

The following are among the topics to be discussed:—

How shall we present the Bible to the Children so it will exert the greatest influence.

The teacher's preparation.

Missionary work for the Sunday Schools of our State.

Sunday School discipline.

Rev. Messrs Philbrook of Nashua, Conger of Concord, Demarest of Manchester, Hayford of Enfield, Jencks of Alstead and others, will take part in the discussions. Rev. G. W. Perry, Editor of the *Helper*, will be present and give a history of the "One Lesson System."

The Sunday School at Claremont extend a most earnest invitation to all the friends of the Sabbath School to be present and participate in these meetings.

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE

—The pastor at Rockport, Rev. A. H. Sweetser, has been for some time "on a mission" at the neighboring village of Rockport and has organized a Society and Sunday school. The school begins with thirty members. A new parish with settled pastor will doubtless be the early harvest of this good seed sown.

VERMONT.

—At Chester, the Sunday School was reorganized only six weeks since, with the settlement of our young brother, Rev. E J. Chaffee as pastor. The Superintendent is the pastor's sister, Mrs. Noble, well known as a teacher and reader of successful experience. The school has begun with the *Helper* lessons and a liberal supply of the MYRTLE for the little ones. It numbers already more than fifty members and increases with every session. Teachers' meetings are held every Thursday evening, conducted by the pastor, who has an adult Bible class in the school. A fine blackboard has been presented to the school by a firm in the village, and on the Sabbath we were present it was used for the first time, for the blackboard exercise given in the *Helper*. These new methods are working wonders for our schools large and small, all over the land. The exercises in this little school were more interesting and profitable than we have heard them, many a time in a great city school that counted its members by hundreds.

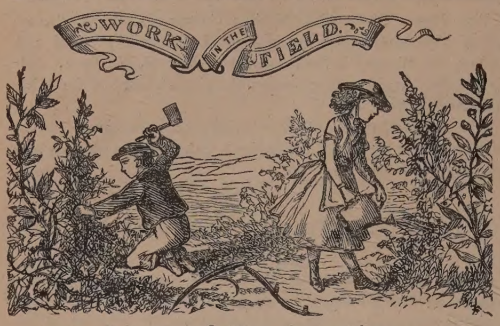
—A recent visit to the Green Mountain State gave us an opportunity to look in upon some of our schools there or hear direct news of them from their officers and friends. At Brattleboro is probably the largest school in the State, nearly the whole congregation, young and old, being active members of the Sunday School. The pastor's wife Mrs. Zelia Harris is the Superintendent, and the pastor has a large Bible class. The school uses the *Helper* lessons, has a weekly Teachers' Meeting, and quarterly concerts of great interest.

—Just across the river, in Hinsdale, N. H., the Brattleboro pastor goes every Sabbath to hold afternoon services, in what was, when he begun, a missionary field. Now the former society in Hinsdale is revived, and a Sunday School has been formed, increasing in numbers every Sabbath.

—If the Brattleboro school has any rival in members it is the school at Springfield, presided over so long and well by the wife of the former pastor, Mrs. J. H Farnsworth. This Sunday School was an important agent in the rebuilding of the beautiful church dedicated only two weeks since. Looking into the church on a week day morning with the the pastor, we found copies of the MYRTLE in the pews, and hoped it proved a welcome visitor. The attendance on the Sabbath before, was one hundred and fifty. A memorial service for their late beloved Superintendent was held by the school on their first Sabbath in the new church, and in connection with the dedication, the week previous, they held a concert whose interesting features surprised and delighted the visiting friends. Rev. J. F. Gates is the new pastor.

NEW JERSEY.

—When the pastor of the Newark church returned from his vacation in improved health, he was greeted both in church and Sunday School with special and joyful songs of welcome. In the school an address of welcome was made by the Superintendent to which the pastor responded with great feeling. After long and severe illness it was like a welcome back to life again.



Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXX.—PAUL.

Question. — To what place did the Missionaries go when they left the Island of Cyprus?

Answer. — Acts xiii. 13.

Q. — Who declined to accompany them further than Paphos?

A. —Acts xiii. 13.

Q. — What did Mark do?

A. — Acts xiii. 13.

Q. — In what place did the Missionaries attend service in a synagogue, on the sabbath?

A. — Acts xiii. 14.

Q. — What did the ruler of the synagogue do, after the opening services?

A. — Acts xiii. 15.

NOTE. The ruler of the synagogue saw by their dress, that Paul and Barnabas were Jews; and as Jews in foreign countries, were glad to see and hear their countrymen, especially if they had recently come from Jerusalem, the missionaries were listened to with much interest.

Q. — After tracing the history of the Jewish nation to David, whom does Paul mention as descended from David?

A. — Acts xiii. 23.

Q. — To whom does he tell his hearers, that salvation through Christ was sent?

A. — Acts xiii. 26.

Q. — What had the people of Jerusalem done?

A. — Acts xiii. 27.

Q. — Why did they condemn Christ?

A. — Acts xiii. 27.

Q. — What did God do to him after the Jews had slain and buried him.

A. — Acts xiii. 30.

Q. — What promise had God fulfilled by raising Jesus from the dead?

A. — Acts xiii. 32, 33.

Q. — What is the promise here referred to?

A. — Gen. xii. 3.

Q. — What was preached through Jesus?

A. — Acts xiii. 38.

Q. — How powerful would Christ be in making men just?

A. — Acts xiii. 39.

Q. — What warning did Paul then give the synagogue?

A. — Acts xiii. 40, 41.

Q. — Who were the most interested portions of the congregation?

A. — Acts xiii. 42.

Q. — What did they request?

A. — Acts xiii. 42.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

My first most plainly shows to man
The great Jehovah's wondrous plan.

Here oft the Saviour did repair
And seek his Father's help, in prayer.

My third though young, unknown to fame,
By one brave act a king became.

A prophet this, a noted one,
Who oft foretold a Christ would come.

My fifth all men may free receive
If they obey, — repent, believe.

Sick, wounded, sore, at rich man's gate,
To gather crumbs would gladly wait.

My seventh, in Scripture we are told,
A noted land for trees and gold.

The king's request refused to grant.
Therefore the queen he did supplant.

My ninth a land well known to fame,
I think I'll not tell you its name.

My whole is one of the sweetest texts in the Bible.

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